

# "GOLDEN-EYES" AND HER HERO "BILL" OVER THERE

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OVER the torn and tumbled reaches of No Man's Land, earth upheaved as in an earthquake, here grown with a thin, lovely, obstinate turf of grass that clung and grew green, there scarred with great pits where a gleam of dull water at the bottom solemnly reflected a thin light in the sky, through cut barbed wire, over hillock and stone and dead branch—came a gallant little band, with the smiles breaking through the brown mud on their faces. They trudged and sang some song about a dear old pal at home,

and beside them, disarmed, weary, green-gray, crowned with sadly comic caps, willing and perhaps glad they were coming, marched the Hun prisoners. At their head, against the evening sky, went Bill, for once not hearing the every word of his men—for in his arms he carried Golden-Eyes—his girl—his pal—his little American with a "heart good as bread," her dragged fiery blowing against his knees, the sweet feel of her again on his breast—above his heart. He clutched her tight, his blouse about her—tied by the arms

under her chin, and knew the strange, wonderful savour of Love and Victory mingled.

Mounting the slope came two more—a strange couple—a drooping, lowering officer in gray, with his few belongings slung behind him, and "heeling him up" as he had sheep in other days "somewhere in America," came Uncle Sam in a broad grin, his white collar and tail taking the breeze like a bundle of feathers—a grin for his two "beloveds" and a glance of fire for his prisoner.

The raiders were coming back to the American lines.

# Why You Can't Judge People by Their Looks

Can You Tell the Bright Ones from the Feeble-Minded?



**CAUTION—Before You Read This Article Pick Out Your Selection of the Brightest Boy and Girl and Then You Can See Whether Your Judgment Is Better Than the Wise Psychologists Who Blundered So Badly in Prof. Pintner's Experiment**

CAN you "size people up from their looks"? Most people think they can. Recent scientific experiments made it pretty plain that you cannot.

It was Professor Rudolf Pintner, of the Department of Psychology of Ohio State University, who decided to demonstrate whether or not you really could judge people's intelligence by their looks.

He collected a dozen photographs of young people of all degrees of intelligence from exceptionally bright students to inmates of an institution for the feeble-minded. These photographs, which are printed above on this page, were handed around to all sorts of people from doctors and lawyers to wise professors of psychology down the line to typewriters. And the joke is that the experts on psychology frequently picked out the picture of an inmate of an asylum for the feeble-minded as their idea of the brightest individual in the bunch.

But before going any further with this article the editor suggests that the reader stop right here and select from the pictures printed above the brightest boy and the brightest girl. Then read on and you will be able to find out whether you have fallen into the same errors that the college professors made.

Nobody picked out the photographs in the correct order of their real intelligence. Strange to say the only approach to accurate judgment was shown by an ordinary stenographer.

The mistake that nearly everyone made was in judging children by a certain superficial "brightness" of appearance, which is shown by these experiments to be entirely unreliable as a guide to intelligence.

"There is a widespread belief," says Professor Pintner in his report in the Psychological Review, "that it is a relatively simple thing to estimate a person's intelligence after a perfunctory conversation with him or even merely by looking at him. One hears again and again the expression, 'He looks bright,' and 'He looks stupid.' Such judgments of intelligence are most often made in regard to

children. Teachers have a very firm belief in their own ability to judge the intelligence of their pupils, in spite of the fact that correlations of their estimates with the results of mental examinations have been shown to be decidedly low.

"Physicians are also very prone to make snap judgments of people and, because of their personal contact with a large number of people of all classes, they come to believe tremendously in their own ability in this direction. The physician, of course, is an admirer of the psychologist's definition. He is judging rather than larger and vaguer thing we call 'character'.

"There is, however, a group of physicians who are daily passing judgment in regard to the intelligence of individuals. This group includes the psychiatrists, the physicians in institutions for the feeble-minded and some others who happen by chance to be repeatedly called in to a probate court to pass upon cases of suspected insanity and feeble-mindedness. Most of these believe thoroughly that that magical thing known as 'experience' has endowed them with the gift of outgunning the intelligence of a case after a brief interview, in which appear certain stock questions about the President of the United States, and so forth. Most of them scorn any assistance that mental tests may give them."

The children to be passed on, in Professor Pintner's experiment, had all been ranked previously by standard mental tests, which were accepted by those who had to give their opinions.

Their pictures are shown here arranged in the order of intelligence as established by these tests, reading from left to right and down again.

Of the children Numbers 1 and 2 are classed by the standard tests as very bright. Numbers 5 and 6 are normal. Numbers 7, 8 and 9 are backward, and Numbers 10, 11 and 12 are feeble-minded. In fact these three are now inmates of an institution for the feeble-minded.

The chances of someone making a high average of intelligence themselves. They were told the people you would have selected to pass on the intelligence of children. They were grouped in four classes,

namely nine physicians, fifteen psychologists, eleven miscellaneous, eleven students and seven teachers. The group of physicians was made up of two general practitioners, one tuberculosis specialist, one skin specialist, one ophthalmologist, one physical director of a large public-school system, and three physicians employed in institutions for feeble-minded. Of the group of fifteen psychologists, all except one had had experience in giving mental tests. Seven were devoting most of their time to clinical or abnormal psychology. Four were graduate students or assistants specializing in mental tests.

Of the eleven miscellaneous people, three were business men, one was a married woman, and seven were stenographers. The group of eleven students had attended clinics throughout the semester, in which all types of defectives were shown, and many of the students had had some limited experience with mental testing. The group of seventeen teachers was a summer-school class in mental measurements made up of teachers and superintendents.

A few of these had had experience in the giving of mental tests. All our groups, therefore, with the exception of the miscellaneous group, had been brought face to face with the definite problem of the differences of intelligence that exist in children.

Although several of the observers remarked on the difficulty of the experiment, none passed because of any difficulty about the meaning of intelligence. As a rule, very little hesitation was shown by the observers in making their decisions.

The photographs of the twelve children

One of the Psychology Tests for Intelligence, Mental Alertness, Etc.

were shown to these people in turn and they wrote out what they considered the order of intelligence of the youthful subjects. From their answers the following table was compiled by Professor Pintner, showing the rank of the children by standard tests, the rank according to the sixty-three observers, and the average deviation in their judgments:

| Children Ranked by Standard Tests | Ranked by 63 Observers | Average Deviation Among Observers |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1.                                | 4                      | 2.3                               |
| 2.                                | 8.5                    | 2.1                               |
| 3.                                | 1                      | 1.2                               |
| 4.                                | 5                      | 1.7                               |
| 5.                                | 11                     | 1.7                               |
| 6.                                | 6                      | 2.3                               |
| 7.                                | 2                      | 2.2                               |
| 8.                                | 12                     | 2.0                               |
| 9.                                | 7                      | 2.4                               |
| 10.                               | 9.5                    | 2.1                               |
| 11.                               | 2                      | 2.3                               |
| 12.                               | 6                      | 2.1                               |

These results when analyzed are full of interesting lessons. For instance, child No. 2, though really of high intelligence, was generally classed as ninth.

"The smallest average deviation," comments Professor Pintner, "is 1.5 for child No. 3. This child is given first place more frequently than any other child and there is the least difference of opinion about him. Child No. 2 shows the thoughtful and serious aspect that is commonly associated with superior intelligence. The tests show him to rank third and he would

be classed somewhat above normal, as a bright boy. The next two smallest average deviations are those of children Nos. 5 and 8, the two who receive the lowest average rank.

"The observers as a whole differ least as to which they consider the brightest child and which the two least intelligent. No. 5 was repeatedly called 'stupid' and often 'imbecile,' and some observers pointed to the position of the hands as suggesting the picking of the fingers seen sometimes in idiots. No. 8 is, as a matter of fact, a perfectly normal child. No. 3 was called 'wild' and 'silly' and received the lowest ranking according to our observers. By the standard mental tests he would be considered a backward but not feeble-minded child.

"The largest average deviation is that of child No. 8. According to the standard tests he ranks ninth and would be classed as backward but not feeble-minded. The average rank of the observers places him seventh. Many observers place him low because of his rather expressionless face, but the large average deviation is caused by a few observers who place him very high. Although this was never openly acknowledged, the writer suspects that in some of these cases the observers were influenced by his glasses and placed him high because of the intelligence conveyed by those useful adornments.

"Comparing the rank obtained by the observers as a group in column two with the rank according to the mental tests in

column one, we note that the greatest divergence occurs in child No. 11, who is ranked second by our observers. This child has the sparkling eyes and bright face that conforms so well with our popular conception of 'brightness,' and yet she is an inmate of a feeble-minded institution.

The next greatest divergence is in child No. 2, who is ranked 8.5 by our observers. He is a very bright boy, according to the tests, and yet his expressionless face and rather awkward pose is interpreted as intellectual dullness by the observer. The tests and the observers both agree in placing child No. 8 about the middle of the group. There is also a close agreement with regard to child No. 10, whose fat expressionless face is taken to be indicative of a lack of intelligence. Child No. 4 is placed fifth by our observers, although what was regarded as a silly smile by some led them to rank him low.

"It is impossible to analyze out of all the opinions of the observers any single factor or set of factors which seem to guide us in our judgments of intelligence when confronted with pictures. Some observers seem to look at nothing in particular and make their judgments in a haphazard fashion, while others will draw the most definite conclusions from slight hints suggested by the hands or face or clothes of the child, and in most cases it would seem as if such conclusions are unlikely to be false as they are to be true. Some are greatly influenced by the pleasant appearance or smile, but for some the smile denotes intelligence and for others it denotes feeble-mindedness. The position of the hands is all-important to one observer, and, if the feet had been shown on all the pictures, it is probable that they would have been of diagnostic value for some observers. Several observers confessed being greatly influenced by the resemblance of some of the photographs to children of their acquaintance, and it is doubtless true that everyone is influenced in this way, consciously or unconsciously.

"It is the writer's opinion that the trivial things mentioned here are at work in the many judgments that we make of people in everyday life, and that they are also at work, perhaps to a lesser degree, in the judgments of children made by teachers, physicians and psychologists who use mental tests for purposes of mental diagnosis."

Photographs Used by Prof. Pintner in His Interesting Experiment and Reprinted by Permission of the Psychological Review.

# Lieut.

# Higginbotham's Midnight Capture

**Unprecedentedly Rapid Campaign of a Gallant Artillerist Who "Spotted" His Lovely Objective on a New York Roof Garden and on the Hill Above Hoboken, N. J. Won Unconditional Surrender All in Four Hours**

CAMPBELL  
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Miss Gertrude Hamilton, Wooed, Won and Wedded by Lieut. Higginbotham in a Record-Breaking Love Dash.

BACK in the days of the cave men, when a grizzly, primitive gentleman spied a lady that particularly appealed to him he would take a firm grip on his club, give a hitch to his shoulders, in lieu of trousers, mumble something to the effect that a faint heart never won fair lady, and go with an air of determination in the general direction of where she happened to be standing at the moment. As civilization, so called, has progressed, women have come to insist that men go to the trouble and expense of wooing them. A girl says, "Do you want my heart? Very well," coldly, "lay siege to it."

But now and then you hear of some heartless gentleman who doesn't approve of this siege business. He prefers a different method of conquest, his idea being to take the fortress by storm. Sometimes he gets away with it, provided he has plenty of reserve force to batter down all obstacles. A sturdy soldier is the sort of man you would expect to adopt this method of attack, even though his training has taught him that it is dangerous, as a rule, for a weaker force to attack a stronger one. So it was easy to credit the report that one Lieutenant Bruce Higginbotham, of Detroit, in a brilliant matrimonial dash had captured the heart of pretty Gertrude Hamilton, a winning actress, of family, unconditional surrender following just four hours after the initial attack. The attack began at 1:30 a. m. and ended at 5:30 a. m. with Gertrude a prisoner for fair.

Lieutenant Higginbotham, who is an artillerist, and an instructor in the general art of war, proved his efficiency in these tactics as applied to matrimony.

Thus running the true tale of a soldier's impetuous courtship, Lieutenant Higginbotham, instructor since America entered the war, had come from Washington for a day in New York. The next day he must return to continue his instructions

a content school up the Hudson a year or so. Different from the usual sort. You see that yourself. Don't you Bruce?"

"Try it, Jack."

There was something more than pleading in the tone. There was an undertone of command. Under its spell Mr. McGowan hurried back to his stage.

A surprise attack—he won Miss Hamilton's consent.

Lieutenant Higginbotham, watching her with eager eyes, advanced under a barrage of smiles. Turning from her search for the guide who had failed, she ran straight into his arms.

"Gertrude!" he saluted.

"Bruce!" was the agitated answer.

Jack McGowan, hurrying out from his conference with His Majesty, the Manager, stared at the smiling pair.

"We used to know each other!" said Miss Hamilton.

"In Chicago, two years ago," supplemented the officer.

There was no excuse nor opportunity for the couple to linger longer on the "Roof." The orchestra was playing "Home, Sweet Home."

"Where do you live, Gertrude?" the officer asked.

"In an apartment on Central Park West with my sister Betty."

"How do you go home?"

"On an Eighth avenue trolley car, as a poor and ambitious actress should!"

When the descending crowd loosed them into a smoky fraction of the corner Miss Hamilton lifted her eyes with a smile, roughish and confiding, to her companion.

Upon here, he fell into the language of military tactics. "Were back on the old ground of good fellowship," he thought.

"We taken the first trench of formality?" He called a hansom cab—no taxis being in sight. As they entered the officer determined upon a vigorous offensive.

"Gertrude!" he exclaimed. "I wish you would marry me now!"

She hesitated, then surrendered. "I will," she whispered.

"Now over the top for a preacher!" he shouted gaily. "We'll go down to the City Hall, where I am staying, and get them to lend a minister. They have a great 'information' there. He wears a uniform and looks like an owl and knows everything."

But when they had driven rapidly through the park they found that omniscient "information" was not at his accustomed desk. The clerks were sleepy and for the time vacuous.

"Nobody at the City Hall seems to know how to get married," plaintively spoke the would-be bride. She sat in a corner of a house in the foyer and looked disconsolate. The young man who wished to be a bridegroom, entered a telephone booth and issued therefrom now and then to administer comfort.

More sallies from the telephone booth. "Let's give it up, Bruce!"

"Give it up, now I've got your consent? Never. Not if I were surrounded by a division of Hunas!"

His fiancée of an hour looked at him in admiration. "Isn't it necessary to get a license?"

"Not if you're in the army and going to leave town next day. That gives me an idea." The telephone booth door was flung open. "The telephone booth door was flung open. A watchman at the dock suddenly gave them the address of a preacher that 'does a lot of marrying on the hill.'"

The pair flung themselves into the waiting cab and dashed toward the New Jersey haven. A watchman at the dock suddenly gave them the address of a preacher that "does a lot of marrying on the hill."

In answer to rings at the door bell, the clergyman thrust his pajamaed shoulders out of the window.

"We want to get married!"

"At this hour? Go away! Oh, I say, aren't you wearing a uniform?"

"Yes!"

"Then call up the chaplain at the Port of Embarkment. He'll marry you!"

Miss Hamilton lifted clasped hands toward the window, which fell with a bang. "At last!" laughed the commander of the besieging force.

An all-night drug store offered a haven by its public telephone.

"That you, Chaplain! Will you oblige Lieutenant Higginbotham of the Instruction Service, by performing a marriage ceremony? Thank you, sir. We'll be there at once!"

To the upstairs office in the Port of Embarkment, on the New Jersey shore of the Hudson, the couple climbed. Awaiting them was a sleepy chaplain who waived away their apologies for awaking him.

"It was halfpast five. Through the east windows the dawn poured roily as the chaplain said: 'I pronounce you man and wife,' and Lieutenant Higginbotham bent to kiss his hard-won wife."

From Detroit next morning came a telephone from parental headquarters. William Higginbotham, millionaire and former partner of Henry Ford, inquired. "The papers say you are married, Bruce! Is it true?"

"Yes, father! Took her in four hours!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, getting her consent and finding a parson and everything, began at 1:30, ended at 5:30."

"Will you bring your bride out to see us?"

"Sorry, I can't father, I can't get leave of absence. And she's busy!"

"Is she doing war work?"

"No. She's on the stage!"

"Just like Bruce. He was always so impetuous," said his mother.



1—He "Spots" His Objective.  
2—They Recognize Each Other as Old Friends.  
3—In the Hansom He Says "Marry Me."  
4—And 4 Hours After They Met They Were Wed by the Sleepy Army Chaplain.



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Miss Hamilton—Now Mrs. Higginbotham—in Her Footlight Attire.  
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# Did the "Handwriting on the Wall" Prophesy the Kaiser's Downfall?



"The Angel Speaking of Daniel," by Lillian, the House Jewels Artist. Biblical Scholars Now Believe That the Truths Given to the Prophet Applied More to the Kaiser Than to Belshazzar. Above is "the Handwriting on the Wall" in the Ancient Cuneiform—the Form in Which It is Now Believed It Occurred.

## The Handwriting on the Wall

In the Same Hour Came Forth Fingers of a Man's Hand, and Wrote Over Against the Candlestick Upon the Plaster of the Wall of the King's Palace. And the King Saw the Part of the Hand That Wrote.

And This Is the Writing That Was Written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the Interpretation of the Things: MENE, God Hath Numbered Thy Kingdom and Finished It.

TEKEL: Thou Art Weighed in the Balances and Art Found Wanting.

PERES: Thy Kingdom Is Divided, and Given to the Medes and Persians.—Daniel, chapter 5: v. 5, 23, 26, 27, 28.

WHEN King Belshazzar sat upon his throne in Babylon with terror and awe watched spectral fingers write in letters of fire upon his palace wall, the Prophet Daniel interpreted these letters as predicting the fall of the monarch and his empire.

While the fall of Belshazzar and of Babylon did follow, thus justifying the Prophet's reading, there sprang up some time thereafter, and certainly many centuries ago, a vague, formless tradition, arising no one knew where, that the prophecy had not been entirely fulfilled by the destruction referred to.

In our own age, and especially in our own country, there have been many Biblical scholars who expressed uncertainty as to whether the letters of fire might not have contained a double meaning, a hidden significance stretching far into the future, not to be understood by devoted analysts—handicapped by not being prophets themselves—because the events predicted had to come to pass, at least partly, before this hidden meaning could be interpreted.

In the light of the late world war and the effort of the Kaiser and Prussians to establish an autocracy greater than Belshazzar dreamed, leaders in Biblical research and exegesis think they have discovered the broader meaning of the handwriting on the wall, and that its prophecy applied to Belshazzar only in the first instance, and particularly to the Kaiser. It was a message sent, not especially for the world of Daniel's time, but was also a leaping of the Divine vision over the centuries to elapse between then and now.

This is set forth by the Rev. J. T. Burcklow, a distinguished Bible scholar, writing for one of the religious publications.

Not in Hebrew but in the ancient cuneiform was the message written, and it was a mathematical formula which, translated, says the Rev. Mr. Burcklow, would read: "A mina, a mina, a shekel, a half-mina."

All these words signify certain Babylonian weights. Daniel interpreting them for Belshazzar took the first two as conveying the idea of number and so read: "God has numbered thy kingdom and finished it."

"Tekel" or "shekel" he interpreted in terms of the action of weighing, and so secured his second phrase.

The last word, "upharsin," Daniel ex-

plained as coming from the word "peres," meaning to divide, and drew from it the significance that Belshazzar's kingdom was to be divided up. All of which was ingenious and afterward justified by facts.

The Rev. Mr. Burcklow, taking this mathematical meaning, explains that as fifty shekels make a mina, and twenty minas make a shekel, the two and a half minas and a shekel mentioned in the Bible text when reduced to gerahs would amount to 2,520 gerahs.

In other words, he takes the repetition of the word "mina" to mean two minas, adds to it the third word, "tekil," or "shekel," and takes the word "upharsin" with the same significance as did Daniel, that is, to divide, and applies it to the first weight instead of the second weight mentioned.

He points out that this number, 2,520, is especially interesting as being the least common multiple of all the digits, and therefore, in the mind of mystics, containing the sum of all that is to be occurring as it does in the mystical Book of Daniel, it is especially suggestive because it is the number of the prophetic seven times, whose half is the "2,520" of the Book of Revelation, that other most cryptic of Biblical works, which states: "And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and three score days, clothed in sackcloth and ashes." (Revelation, Chapter 11, verse 3.)

It is more than possible that this 2,520 gerahs refers to time, because of other Biblical passages in which it is so used, and therefore the Rev. Mr. Burcklow holds that "God wrote with a larger purpose than the twelfth-hour warning of Belshazzar and his drunken lords. The scene became prophetic, and to the antitype of Babylon, the last great world-power represented by the iron-clay feet of the image, to the final alliance of all the forces of evil, temporal and spiritual (the Kaiser and his revelling military lordings), is transferred the menace of the seer's interpretation, "Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided."

Here, then, is a new interpretation by this modern Daniel, in the figure 2,520, which he claims means 2,520 years. "This Interpreter asserts that now for the first

time can we understand the figures, because it is exactly 2,520 years since Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream the vision of the image of gold and silver and brass and iron and clay, that is 562 B. C.

This was actually the beginning of the revelation of the coming downfall of the kingdom, and although some years elapsed before the actual writing on the wall appeared, it does seem much more than a coincidence that in 602-1918 years Jerusalem is released from the power of its age-long oppressor, and the doom of autocracy is sealed, if not actually and completely realized.

Historically it appears that the Rev. Mr. Burcklow has much to support his view, for the real supremacy of the second kingdom of Babylon dates only from 606 B. C., when its great rival, Nineveh, was destroyed, and it was exactly 2,520 years later, or in 1914, that this world-war broke out.

It was in 604 that Nebuchadnezzar ascended the throne, bringing his first Jewish captives to Babylon that year, with the Prophet Daniel among them. In round figures, it was 2,520 years after that desolation of Jerusalem, and 1,280 years after Omar's Abomination of Desecration, or in 1917, and of the Hegira 1335—see Daniel 12:12: "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days"—that the British began their work of conquering Palestine and brought it to a successful conclusion. The Hegira is the date from which the Mohammedans reckon, and is most appropriate on account of their domination of Jerusalem. The coincidence of figures with Daniel is very odd, to say the least.

Whether the Book of Daniel was looking forward more than two thousand years or not, the coincidence as pointed out by the Rev. Mr. Burcklow, will arouse widespread attention, and encourage other investigators to see wherein the Bible has anticipated other modern occurrences.

The Book of Daniel has been studied and puzzled over more than any other book in the Bible, except perhaps the Book of Revelation, because of the cryptic sayings and visions with which it is filled. Upon both of these works prophecies of the millennium have been based in almost every century of the Christian era, and

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each student has proved what he wanted to prove.

The account as given in the Bible seems plain, for in the fifth chapter of the Book

countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." It was re-



All That Is Left of Belshazzar's Palace at Babylon, Where the Handwriting on the Wall Appeared.

of Daniel we have the very complete story of the feast of Belshazzar, when a thousand of his lords drank wine with the king, and had the holy vessels which had been brought from Jerusalem carried in that he and "his princes, his wives and his concubines might drink therein." In exactly the same way the Kaiser, and the Crown Prince and all his military leaders were feasting, both in Berlin and in some of their sumptuous French châteaux, with the wines that had been taken from France quaffed from the gold and silver stolen from Belgium.

"They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and stone," as doubtless the Germans have sung the glories of their iron guns, their stone walls and trenches, their Hindenburg and Ludendorff, until at last, after four years and more of warfare came the "fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."

The book of the Bible describes the effect upon the king: "Then the king's Great Britain rights Reserved.

ported before the end that the Kaiser prayed for hours at a time.

In the old story Belshazzar sends for all his wise men and astrologers to read the wonderful writing and explain its significance. None can explain until at last the queen intervenes and tells him to send for Daniel, who has been brought to Babylon as a captive. And it is freely reported that the German Empress tried in many ways that one to show the Kaiser the error of his ways and point out the way of wisdom and peace.

And then Belshazzar has Daniel brought before him and asks him to interpret the words of the writing. "I have heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee." And he promises him great gifts and honors if he will interpret the writing. But Daniel tells him to give the rewards to another, but that he will read the writing for him. He warns him that "The most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honor, but when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him. . . . And thou, his son, O

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN." Daniel takes up each word separately, showing its significance, and the last word, "UPHARSIN," he explains as coming from the verb, PERES, meaning to divide, and that therefore the significance is that the kingdom is to be divided up.

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The fate which the Prophet promised Belshazzar actually came to pass, for Babylon fell before the forces of Cyrus the Great, and the kingdom was given over to the Medes and Persians.

In exactly the same way, the empire of the Kaiser, built up on brutality, force, fraud, theft and sensuality, fell before the forces of the Allies.

"Thy kingdom is divided," says Daniel to Belshazzar. "In the same way those lands taken from France and other countries by the Hohenzollerns have been restored. It is astounding to see how closely the prophecy fits the Kaiser and the conditions which he faces."

Belshazzar, has not humbled thine heart.

But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of Heaven; and the God in whose hand is thy breath, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified?"

Then Daniel interprets the writing, for the words themselves, though written in the Babylonian script, and outlined in fire so that all might read, still could not be interpreted by the wisest of the king's councilors. Thus the Prophet went on:

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# How Mary Nash Found Real Love in Her Make-Believe Play

## The Unusual Romance of the Actress and Her "Leading Man" Who Surprisingly Read in Their Stage Lines the Very Thoughts They Held in Their Own Hearts for Each Other

MARY NASH, one of the loveliest and most gifted of America's stage folk, was sitting one afternoon not long ago in a quiet little Broadway restaurant. Miss Nash was eating a late breakfast and thinking over her first rehearsal of a new play she had to attend to in a few minutes. Something broke into the current of her thoughts; she looked up. There, at a close-by table, a slim young gentleman, of distinctly foreign appearance, was staring at her with all his black eyes.

He smiled. She smiled. Then, remembering conventions, turned her eyes resolutely to the table.

And two weeks later they were engaged!

But, you will certainly ask, what was the bridge between those smiles and the altar? What was the structure reared by love in so short a space of time upon which, from heart to heart, Cupid might walk? Was it Jerry-built and flimsy, as most hasty work is, or was it a real, solid, enduring structure on which happiness could walk for years without stumbling?

The very picturesque Cyrano de Bergerac—and don't think that this is wandering from the subject—gifted with a tongue and brains but slighted by nature in looks, used a rather stupid, good-looking gentleman to interpret for him his passion for his own Roxane. Many a declaration of love has been hastened or forced through a man and a girl being made emotional by a play they have witnessed.

But in Mary Nash's romance Cupid, by a coincidence that could happen but once in a million times, used the lines of her play to make vocal real first love.

And, of course, real first love between herself and the man who had smiled at her in the Broadway restaurant.

Somewhat puzzled over her own unbending to an entire stranger—for Miss Nash is one of the most circumspect of footlight ladies—somewhat regretful, too, perhaps, that she did not keep on smiling, she reported at the theatre, walked out upon the stage, was sensible of a familiarly unfamiliar figure near her, lifted her eyes—and lo! and behold! there was the engaging stranger of her breakfast table!

And the manager was saying, "Mary, this is Mr. Jose Ruben, who is to be your leading man."

There was confusion in Miss Nash's heart and mind. Quite bitterly she reproached herself for that errand smile.

"Why, what can he think of me?" she kept saying to herself, and quite naturally this somewhat cooled her greetings to young Mr. Ruben and considerably abashed him.

"Mr. Ruben," the manager was saying, "was one of the great Bernhardt's company when she was here, and was very much liked and trusted by her. He has genius, and I am sure you will like him, too."

Mary Nash was also sure of this last, but she thought it best to maintain her attitude of unapproachableness.

"I am in rather a hurry, Mr. Brady," she said diffidently, "so please let us go on with the rehearsal."

The play was Willard Mack's "The Cheat," the title of which was afterward changed to "I O U." In it Miss Nash was Bobo, the Cheat. Mr. Ruben was Sima, the passionate Hindoo, who makes her at last pay the price of her cheating.

"All right, go ahead," said Mr. Brady.



Mary Nash, Now Mrs. Jose Ruben, Whose Love Was Fanned to Flame by Her Play—but Who, Alas, Just Couldn't Act the Hating Part of It.

**Respectful Adoration and Passionate Hate. The First a Scene Miss Nash and Mr. Ruben Did So Well That the Play Seemed a Sure Success—the Second an Emotion They Had So Little Sympathy with That the Play Failed.**

Miss Nash: "I am so anxious to explain."

Mr. Ruben read a protesting reply: "Please do not. It would destroy one of the sweetest moments of my life. Besides, I know you did not mean all that it implied."

Miss Nash, reading: "What did it imply?"

Mr. Ruben (oneventh as Sima and the other all himself): "Everything. The mystic glow of an Oriental sky; the enchanting, rustling caress of the wind stirring the rice fields; the indolent bloom of the lotus flower beaming to the moon."

Miss Nash, despairing, reads: "Fancy all that in one smile! It was only a good, healthy American smile, half Scotch, half Irish."

Mr. Ruben, looking closely at her: "A dangerous weapon."

Miss Nash, in her character of Bobo: "I never used a weapon in my life."

Mr. Ruben, leaving his orchestra chair and coming upon the stage to give instructions. While waiting for him Mr. Ruben bowed again, saying: "Pardon me, but it's all true about your smile. It is the most wonderful one I ever saw."

Miss Nash flushed almost at him. Cupid, hiding still in the make-believe lines, chuckled.

Mr. Ruben looked deep into her dark eyes. "Did you not smile?"

Mr. Ruben read a protesting reply: "Please do not. It would destroy one of the sweetest moments of my life. Besides, I know you did not mean all that it implied."

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At the curb waited her sister, Florence. In an automobile. Introductions. Florence Nash said: "We want ballast. Come out with us to Pelham Manor and rehearse on the lawn. It will shock the neighbors. I understand that in the last act you nearly kill Mary and do kill yourself."

The leading man lifted inquiring eyes to the star. Gracefully she bent her head. Manager Brady was puzzled at subsequent rehearsals. "The love scenes you play to beat the band, but that last scene, when your love turns to hate, falls down."

He reproached the French actor. "Treat her rough!"

Each day, when Mr. Ruben's duties required him to whisper love speeches to the star, he played with great tenderness and a finesse that caused his fellow players to cry, "Bravo!" But when as the East Indian he branded his false love on the shoulder with a burning from the scene fell short. He restrained the manager's approval only when he took poison and killed himself.

"You play the part splendidly, Mary, except that you don't show horror at his touch," was Mr. Brady's final adjuration.

Engaged in the coming production, Mr. Brady did not see the laughter in the eyes of his chief players. Nor did he know why Sister Florence, witnessing the rehearsal from a box, laughed hysterically at his words.

Not until the opening night did he learn their secret.

"I fell in love with her at first sight," said Mr. Ruben.

"We were engaged two weeks after we met," said Miss Nash.

Among the telegrams to the bridegroom was this: "I understand why you remained in this country. Cupid was pointing his arrows for you sweet boy. My love and good wishes to you both."

"Bernhardt!"

Postscript—Everybody thought Miss Nash and Mr. Ruben "played the love scenes in 'I O U' fine." They weren't coughing in the hate scenes. Show closed!

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# My Three Years of German Slavery

The Young Countess de Gaza-Pascal, Whose Chateau Was Occupied by Hindenburg and Others in High Command, Reveals for the First Time the Details of Unsuspected Savagery Behind the German Lines in Devastated France Which Stands Unparalleled by Anything in History



Photo Campbell-Studio

Mme. Laine de Gaza-Pascal, whose mother was Miss Louise Caldwell, of St. Louis. Educated in France, she met and married Captain de Gaza-Pascal, of the old French family through which descended the title of Count and the Chateau Petit Bourg, near Epinoy.

## By the Countess de Gaza-Pascal

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CHAPTER I

WE had thought the German officers were gentlemen—we found they were worse than beasts. Not one officer, nor a few, but thousands of them, revealed themselves to us shamelessly.

While the poor peasants on the farms of northern France and the workers in the factory towns saw mostly the common soldiers, I had the opportunity to intimately observe the German officers. They lived in my chateau; they made me their servant.

I have seen them, thousands of them, from Hindenburg himself and the great Ludendorff down the descending rank to young lieutenants. They occupied my bedroom, they ate in my dining room, they held their conferences by day and their orgies by night in my salon.

For many months the rooms in my home which had been my husband's and mine, and which were doubly dear to me because it was in them my husband and I planned our future during those days which followed our honeymoon, were occupied by the man whose name was later to be written across the history of the Belgian deportations—General Hurl, then chief of staff for the Fourth Artillery Corps. Until he came my private rooms had been unoccupied—I was permitted to retire to them when the wants of my unwelcome guests were satisfied.

But General Hurl would not be satisfied with the guest chambers which his predecessors in the house had converted to their use, nor would he accept the whole upper floor which had been prepared for him when his coming was announced. Only my personal rooms would do, and I was turned out of them into my own servants' quarters without a minute's notice that the general might rest in my bed from the exertion of his motor ride from the railroad station to my chateau after his arrival in the nearby city.

With General Hurl there came to the house Major the Baron von Manteuffel, his aide. In America, perhaps, the name of Major von Manteuffel means nothing. In Belgium it is spoken as one would speak a curse. It was Major the Baron von Manteuffel who burned Louvain. He wore an Iron Cross. That had been his reward.

Major Manteuffel was a young officer. His first demand upon me, after his arrival with his chief, General Hurl, was that I remove the small mirror in his room and replace it with one large enough to reflect the hang of his coat when he dressed. There was no large mirror in my home which I readily was not hung in a room occupied by a German officer. When I explained, Major Manteuffel slowly smoothed the handle of his pistol with the palm of his hand and replied:

"What you have not got does not interest me. I will have you thirty minutes to bring the mirror to this room." I ran to a neighbor's house and borrowed a pier glass. There was no one to help me tug it across the lawn and un-

the stairs to the officer's room. He ordered me to put it in place and dismissed me abruptly.

Once I asked this Major Manteuffel how he could have had the heart to destroy the beautiful city of Louvain. He said with a smile:

"Unbeschweidenheit ist eine Zierde in Liebe und Krieg" (Wrong is right in love and war).

A year later I stood at the bedside of Leonie, the pretty daughter of a neighbor, who had taken refuge with us when the Germans turned her own family out of their home. In Leonie's arm nestled the baby which Major Manteuffel had left behind when he was ordered away. Unfortunately Leonie had answered the Major's call one morning soon after he came to the house for his breakfast coffee.

When she came from his room she wanted to die, but I persuaded her to live. The fatherless baby now is another memory of Major Manteuffel. His cult was that of all the Germans—"Wrong is right in love and war."

You who read these words have seen such episodes in the motion picture drama. Ah! I have lived through them in the bitter realism of real life.

You have sat comfortably in your theatre seat and thrilled at the pictures on the screen—the tramp of armed invaders down the street, the brutal occupation of homes by enemy officers, the scenes of wicked debauchery of the helpless women of the household; the pitious appeal, the struggle, the mastery by the armed invaders.

But the drama you saw on the screen was played by actors—the men in the spiked helmets were American gentlemen of the stage. And yet everything you saw in the photo drama I have seen enacted with terrible reality. There was not one brutal scene, not one wicked episode, not one brutal orgy that you saw in the motion picture drama that I have not seen again and again in the full horror of actual life.

The actors in the tragedies I witnessed were the uniformed officers of the Imperial German army. Their shoulder straps and insignia marked the authority of life or death. The pistols they carried at their belts were loaded with ball cartridges; when the angry brute levelled and fired, a real life was extinguished.

And then I lived for three long years amid such scenes and such episodes. We prayed and pleaded with God not to forsake us. At last one day the distant boom of British artillery could be heard. Our German masters were in a panic, and in the confusion I stole away into a thicket of woods near my chateau. Nearer and louder sounded the guns, and at last the English shells whistled and burst through the trees. For four days I remained hidden in the woods and then crept back to my chateau and with unspeakable joy was challenged by a British sentinel.

At once I made preparation to leave for Paris, and I was none too soon. Shortly the Germans counter-attacked, pressed the brave British back, swept past our estate, and

ON that fateful August day four years ago when the German army poured across the Belgian frontier I was visiting friends in Brussels. Next day my husband joined his regiment in France, the Second Howitzer Reserve. I have never seen him since. He was killed in battle fourteen months later.

The Germans swept on. Suddenly the patrols of Uhlans galloped into Brussels; then came the Prussian Guard. We were now helpless in the hands of the enemy.

My husband's chateau was near Epinoy, in northern France. As the German lines pressed rapidly forward into France they soon passed through and beyond Epinoy, and I was permitted to leave Brussels and go to my home.

My home! For three years I was the servant in my own chateau, the humiliated slave of my brutish German masters. My chateau had been taken for the headquarters of the Fourth Artillery Corps, and from time to time Hindenburg and Ludendorff themselves were there. Twenty miles away was the Great Headquarters of the General Staff, at St. Aubert.

For three years I lived under the shadow of the commanding officers of the great German military machine and overheard their plans, ministered to their brutal desires and saw their monstrous commands executed on the desolated homes and the quivering bodies of my neighbors.

I HAVE SEEN women dragged into my chateau and turned over to the drunken caprices of the officers.

I HAVE SEEN these officers possess themselves of my own household servants whenever fancy seized them.

I HAVE SEEN two unfortunate little ones born in my own house and greeted with the ribald jests of these men.

I HAVE SEEN the graves in the cemetery near my chateau torn open, the rings, crucifixes and trinkets taken, and even the gold in the teeth stripped from the jaws—and the bones tossed into a heap.

I HAVE SEEN the heartbroken relatives reverently searching these heaps of bones, smoothing over the torn graves and piecing together the broken headstones.

I HAVE SEEN the deportations—the families assembled to be torn apart at an officer's command, the men and boys marched off to far-away munition factories, the women sent away to work in the fields and the pretty girls retained for the officers' entertainment.

I HAVE SEEN the spies come and go—those tireless and conscienceless wretches who creep back and forth through the military lines and also watch and listen and betray the people of the town.

I HAVE SEEN their pitiful victims marched through the streets and soon I have heard the guns of the firing squad.

I HAVE SEEN Prince Ritel reeling alone in the arms of women he had sent for from Berlin to entertain him.

But I will tell this in detail; all this and a thousand other things which were burned into my brain and heart and soul through the long hours of the endless days and nights of that three years of horror.

LLAINE, COUNTESS DE GAZA-PASCAL

again the German officers established themselves in my chateau—but this time without me.

Of the endless and varied events which crowded my three years' nightmare of captivity one of the first which struck terror to us was the pitiful fate of our Mayor's son, could not hear up, he knew all and loved for her gentleness and devotion.

Every one, of course, knows the story of Edith Cavell. There were circumstances which made the treatment of this English nurse a great factor in the war. I was one of the sympathizers of the entire world. Yet Edith Cavell was only one of many. When the record of what went on behind the German lines is complete, hundreds of Edith Cavells will go down in history.

In the town of Epinoy there lived Mlle. Lucie Boisin. Her father had been the Mayor of the little city and the leader of all civil activities. Once he had been rich, but his fortune had gradually disappeared, with sickness among his relatives and too much generosity. He was content, however, to be kept at the head of the municipality. This repaid him for his philanthropy. Mlle. Lucie's mother had been confined to an invalid's chair for many years. Lucie was her constant attendant and her father's greatest pride. She was twenty years old, and had refused to be the bride of any of the young men of the canton "until," she always said, "others need me no longer."

When the young men of Epinoy were called to the mobilization at the first sign of war, Madame Boisin, to whom every young man in the district was the same as a son, could not hear up. Lucie wheeled her to the railway station that she might see the young men depart for Cambrai, the mobilization point. The sight and its meaning were too much for her. During the night she died. Mlle. Lucie was inconsolable because there had been no farewell kiss between them. Her father went no more to his office, but sat on his lawn with the empty invalid's chair on one side of him and Mlle. Lucie on the other.

They heard the big guns at Ypres, and soon they knew the Germans had swept on past Day Mlle. in the north, and were heading down toward Paris. The French divisions at Cambrai were withdrawn, then they were cut off from Joffre's main army. The old Mayor had been a soldier. He knew what these movements meant as they were reported to Lucie and told by her to him, meant to that part of France.

One morning the cavalrymen with the death's head on their shako rode into the city. They came not from the west where Germany was, but from the east—from the heart of France. That meant that von Kluck had pushed down from the north and was drawing close to Paris, and that Epinoy and all around it, was "behind the German lines." The cavalry officer demanded that the Mayor of the city be brought to him. He was told the Mayor was too weak, and ill, to walk about. "Bring him on a stretcher, then, but bring him," the officer said.

On Mlle. Lucie's arm the Mayor walked to his office, and there met the German officer. He received his orders with dignity, and gave him pledge that his people would observe all the rules of war.

The patrol rode away. A woman brought the news that her thirteen-year-old son had been shot because he "made a face" at the galloping cavalry. The Mayor went back to his chair on the lawn.

Lucie saw a strange light in his eyes, and saw that he was not breathing as he should. She hurried for the physician, but she could not go fast enough. When she returned her father was dead.

So every one in the little city took great interest in Mlle. Lucie. When the town was occupied the schoolhouse was turned over to the Germans and the children turned out. Mlle. Lucie helped the teacher hold daily classes in the church. It was her habit to remain in the church, after the classes were over and the children had gone home, to pray or to meditate in front of a little tablet the townspeople, even in the midst of their own troubles, had found time to put in the church wall in memory of her father.

One night a sentry patrolling the streets to see that none of the residents were abroad was attracted to the church. He called a patrol and surrounded it. A few minutes later there was shooting. Then the Germans dragged out of the church two men who appeared to be German soldiers—they wore gray uniforms which, unmistakably had been service, and their identification tags, and equipment were above suspicion. Yet they really were two Canadians, whose knowledge of German and Teutonic appearance had prompted them to undertake a spying venture behind the enemy lines.

Evidently they had appropriated the uniforms, tags, papers and arms of dead German soldiers, and had mistaken for German soldiers. They really were two Canadians, whose knowledge of German and Teutonic appearance had prompted them to undertake a spying venture behind the enemy lines.

Lucie saw that she had appropriated the uniforms, tags, papers and arms of dead German soldiers, and had mistaken for German soldiers. They really were two Canadians, whose knowledge of German and Teutonic appearance had prompted them to undertake a spying venture behind the enemy lines.

Mlle. Lucie explained that she had merely remained to pray after her classes were dismissed—as she did almost every day. Her and she stayed longer than usual, perhaps, because time passed quickly when she felt to think about her mother and father.

Major Mangus told her bluntly that such an "excuse" was nothing more than proof of her guilt. She was put in



French official tomb in a cemetery which has been robbed by the Germans. The ladder leans against the tomb.

Canadian army French grave robbed by the Germans. The slab to one's ornamental chateau the grave, to and out of

# Slavery in France



Photograph of a cemetery which has been open and the vandals slide and used the tomb, which fenced limb down into the vault.

Photograph of a which has been robbed by the vandals slide and used the tomb, which fenced limb down into the vault.

der guard in a room in the house were her examinations by Major Magnus had taken place. thin the battle s the command officer disregard the formalities of martial when they pleased. at night, at my use Major Magnus sited to General Hunt for an order for execution of the Lucie. "It is necessary to make an example," he said to the General, "and this is an admirable opportunity make an example of one whose punishment will attract attention and be a doubly severe warning." "Was all that?" "Ars you certain the woman is guilty?" "Was all that?" "I am convinced she hid the spies that church," Major Magnus replied. General Hunt and the order—and went on with his dinner. "One of Mlle. Lucie's relatives were notified. A priest summoned the next morning to Major Magnus's quarters. He was told he might "pray with the woman for five minutes." Twenty minutes later Mlle. Lucie was there—she was too frightened to walk—between two soldiers to an open space alongside the wall which ran away around the building in which were the offices of al Huri's staff. A few townspeople, who had learned no mysterious way what was to happen, stood at one weeping, but afraid to protest, while the petty officers the command to fire. Then they rushed in to kneel to the body of Mlle. Lucie as the soldiers marched away. there were many other executions against that garden more Edith Cavalls among them, of which I will tell

all the memories I have of those three years I spent in the German front, virtually a slave to first one and then another, and the witness of a continuous of brutality and cruelty, the one which stands the most vividly concerns the dead as well as the living. The boasted efficiency of the Germans was not only manifested until its invasions reached into the past generations of its victims. I mean the desecration of the graves and vaults in the cemeteries, all a mile beyond my house, on the road that leads to the cemetery in which the people of the village and the smaller villages near by have been for centuries. Rich and poor alike have gone to last rest there, some with pomp and many mourners, with none but the sexton and the priest to bid farewell. Every Sunday afternoon men, women and children, in their Sunday clothes, used to walk by the road down the road toward this cemetery; always



"The German soldiers, with the permission of their squad leaders, ransacked the coffins for treasure. Those who found a jewel necklace, or earrings, a silver chalice, or a gold crucifix shouted aloud their good luck."

"Nothing was overlooked. Teeth with gold fillings were twisted out of the jaws—if the teeth were too firmly implanted to be easily worked loose the whole jaw was tossed into the sack."

ness, or an oversight of the cook, brought down upon the servant who happened to be close at hand a brutal reprimand. To serve the servants I helped in the serving and bore as much as I could of the ill temper of my unwelcome guests. Thus I was about the house at 5 o'clock each morning.

It was shortly after 5 o'clock the next morning that I saw a group of soldiers marching by the chateau, in the direction of the graveyard. Ordinarily I would not have noticed them, but these soldiers carried, not their guns, but spades and picks. Even then I could not guess their errand—I thought only that they were going out to do some necessary excavating.

Toward noon I saw people from town hurrying by. I could see they were excited. One of the servants went out to question them. She reported to me that the Germans were digging up the graves in the cemetery.

I could not believe it. I could see no reason. I joined the procession and went myself to the cemetery. There I

soldiers was thrown about the cemetery, and by and by held back the crowds. Officers gathered and watched the proceedings, some with a desire to see that no promising grave escaped, others with frank amusement in the novelty of the occasion.

Perhaps the basic purpose of the raid on the graves was to procure the metal in the caskets themselves, their handles and fastenings, and in the interior equipment of the vaults. But the desecration at once resolved itself into a plunder raid.

Among all Latin peoples, and especially in the northern section of France, it is customary for some trinkets, a jewel, perhaps, or a baby's favorite toy, which was most fondly associated with the living, to be buried with them. The gold cross which an old woman had treasured since her bridal days, or the wedding ring which had brought happiness in life, or the little train of ears which the baby had played with on rainy afternoons, is put into the grave with the corpse.

The Germans went systematically at their work. The vault or grave was first broken into. Then the casket found in it was raised to the ground. A squad leader supervised the dumping out of the bones. If there was metal on the casket it was stripped off and carefully piled. Then the soldiers, with the permission of their squad leaders, ransacked the coffins for treasure. The finder of a gold wedding ring was fortunate. Those who found a jewel necklace, or earrings, or a watch chain, shouted aloud their good luck. When a shining bit of tin or brass turned out to be a toy, they grumbled.

Nothing was overlooked. Teeth with gold fillings were twisted out of jaws—if the teeth were too firmly implanted to be easily worked loose the whole jaw was tossed into the sack.

In the vaults silver chalices were eagerly seized—some of them having done their sacred duty for generations. Now and then a gold crucifix was found in a marble vault where the dead of the rich were buried. Frequently quarrels developed over the claim of these precious finds. And while the quarrels proceeded an old woman or a tottering man—sometimes a child—screamed aloud at the horror of this desecration of a grandmother's, a son's or a father's last repose.

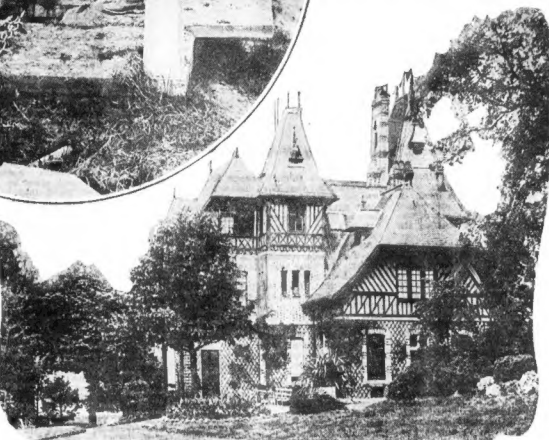
At sundown the soldiers were lined up and marched back to the town. Outside the cordon of guards hundreds of old people, children, and their fathers and mothers, or sons and daughters, had gathered to watch—some hysterical throughout the day, others dumb with their heart agonies. I spent the afternoon going among them, comforting those whose grief seemed the most poignant, as best I could. When the soldiers marched away the spectators were driven before them, as no one but the invaders were allowed out of doors after sundown without a pass.

Three days it took the soldiers to thoroughly ransack the cemetery. During all that time those whose relatives had been buried there could only watch during the day and grieve through the night. On the fourth day the job had been completed. Then the townspeople, and those from the countryside, were permitted to go to the emptied graves. For days relatives hunted through the bones for some relic which would identify the remains of their dead. An old woman whose husband had died after half a century of companionship, poked here and there, hoping to find the "wedding frame" which they had treasured through fifty years, and which had been buried with him. If she found the frame she gathered the bones that were nearest and lovingly dropped them into the grave where he had been laid. If she could not find the frame piece the grave remained open—and empty. Old men searched for something that would make them believe they had found the bones which had been torn from the graves of their wives—and searched for many days, some of them, hoping against hope.

(Continued Next Sunday)



CANADIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH



The Countess de Giza-Pascals Chateau, Petit Bourg, where Hindenburg, Ludendorf and many other German officers made themselves at home.

with flowers, and sometimes with a prayer book to be read for a page or two at the side of some newly covered tombstone. The French love their dead more, I think, than any other European peoples. I learned to know my neighbors better, when I first went among them as a bride, after I had gone to the cemetery Sunday afternoon with my husband to sit beside the graves of his own grandparents, and saw them minister to the memories of loved ones who had departed.

During the evening of the Fourteenth of July, 1917—I will never forget the date because of the events of the next day—I heard one of the officers in my home propose to another to "walk out to the graveyard tomorrow." "Yes, I imagine it will be interesting." Perhaps the results will be better than we expect," the second officer replied. I wondered what they could mean.

The breakfasts of the staff officers were always served at 6 o'clock. The higher officers had their served in their rooms, as a rule. The aide ate in my dining room. I always superintended the serving of every meal. I had found that, was the only way—the slightest trail-

saw the report was only too true. Already half a dozen of the most imposing vaults had been broken open and the caskets raised to the ground, broken open, the bones they had sheltered tossed out to the ground and the caskets themselves piled at one side. More than two hundred soldiers were busily engaged with the spades and picks.

When the townspeople first began to arrive there had been great confusion. Frail women rushed madly at the big, strong men who were violating the graves of their husbands or fathers or children or mothers. When the soldiers brushed them aside with their spades or pick handles, they sprang at them again. If they were knocked down, they got to their feet and threw themselves across the grave which was dear to them.

"We have to leave the metal—it's going to waste in the ground!" That was the only explanation the soldiers or their officers would make.

The excavators were so badly hampered by the pleading, praying, hysterical relatives of the dead that their officers sent to headquarters for protection. A cordon of



# A Thrilling Romance of Mystery and Lost Treasure

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

when I was dragging Halrold toward the galley.

"That was the moment that we hit the arch above the big dome. However! What a smash that was! The three masts of the Silver Peri snapped like that. Poof! They were smashed flat with a noise that reminded me of the boom of our guns at Sedan. And I knew where we were then. Did you ever hear of the Devil's Tunnel in the Anambas Islands? It is a big tunnel running beneath an island for several miles, and when I heard the masts of the schooner snap like matches, I knew where we were. You bet I did. And I was scared stiff as I dragged that American out of the ropes and splinters that had showered down on the deck.

"Halrold!" I screamed, "stand up, man! We will have to swim in a minute."

"He came to his senses as the Silver Peri went grinding against the sides of that tremendous tunnel! Fate wasn't it an awful place! There were no waves there, but the waters were going at a tremendous rate, and I thought each minute that the bottom would be saved out of that old schooner by some rock that was waiting for such a job.

"Teel and the ten sailors knew we were in that place. They were up on the deck with lanterns, and they were still howling to Thas Dheen. Their voices brought a million echoes from the roof of that tunnel as the wreck rushed along. She was a wreck just then. Yet! Yet these fools didn't mind the madness of danger. They thought that the Claw of Thas Dheen was guiding them to treasure, and the snapping of the masts meant nothing. The gold of the world is the gift of the Claw," was their little cry, and they were that crazy that they did not see Halrold and I as we hung on to the wreckage.

"Where is Blamark?" asked Halrold.

"I guess he was swept overboard," said Halrold. "I bet he is dragging himself out from some corner of that wreckage."

"Teel was doing nothing to free the schooner from the timbers that were clinging to us. No! He was a maniac with a half score other maniacs. That withered Methusalem had sent them crazy, and they could think of nothing but the loot that they thought they would get.

Some day you will see the effects of that claw worship, and you will know that Halrold and I were up against it.

"We might try to cut away the wreckage," said Halrold.

"Try nothing," I said. "Half of my speech cases are broken, and I do not care whether I sink or swim." And that was a fact. I was that mad that I made up my mind to check that blind fakir if I could get a chance at him before the Silver Peri went to the bottom. It is not nice to work in swamps for six months at a time and then have all your work spoiled by a withered brute that must have been old when the mesothorium was the big tree in the palm groves. It was mighty odd at that blind himing.

"The schooner was grinding through that place like a log through a mill race. Ah! It turned me sick each time she cannoned against the sides. The water on the edge of the Lianvan Cataract. It was sending us about as devil of a rate, and I thought that minute would be our last. So did Halrold. He picked up a splintered rail and tried to make a rush toward the spot where Teel and those idiots were prying to the Claw, but I held him back.

"That will do no good," I shouted. "They will tear you to pieces if you touch them now. Wait and see if we can get out of this place."



"And those nine fools fell upon their stomachs and joined in. They sang it to the lump of wet sand shaped like a hand that was lying on the deck."

"I was just as mad as Halrold, but I am a German, and we can hold ourselves in check a little bit. Just a little bit. My fingers were itching to lay into those brutes, but I had seen fanatics before. You bet I had.

"That tunnel was a little forerunner of hell. In one place the roof came down so low that it tore off the galley. I made Halrold lie flat on the deck back. I did not want to be scalped with a splinter hanging from the roof.

"We will get stuck in this place and never get out," roared Halrold. "Let me hit some of them before we get smashed to pieces."

"No, no," I said. "Stay where you are." I flung him back on the deck, and just at that minute the Silver Peri smashed into something with a crash that threw Teel and his mob of their feet. There was the most infernal noise of splintering wood, then the old schooner came to a stop, and those eleven madmen rushed forward with lanterns to see what we had run into. Halrold and I ran with them. We wanted to see what we had smashed into. You bet we did.

"Do you know what we had hit? We had rammed a big junk that had driven into a rock in the middle of that place. It was an enormous junk, and as Teel and his crew held up the lanterns we could see the deck into which the nose of the Silver Peri had driven like a wedge.

"My friend, there had been a fight on that junk that must have been worth looking at. Well! It must have been a great fight. There was blood all over the place, and there were a few dead men, too. One of those Shans made a torch and when he held it up to the air it lit up the junk and the inferno in which we were.

"It was Teel that let a yell out of him then. Something on the deck of the junk was caught his eye, and next minute he was swearing over the rail. And those ten sailors went after him. That junk had an atmosphere of loot, my friend, and as the Silver Peri had brought them to it, they thought it was their business to overhaul it. The dead bodies and the evidence of a fight made them think of plunder mighty hard.

"I know that the blind fakir did not go over. I am certain he did not. Halrold was certain too. He stayed on the schooner, but those eleven climbed on the junk, waving their torches and shouting the force of their lungs. When you see blood and dead bodies on a junk in these waters you can be sure that one bunch of robbers had been trying to rob another bunch.

"Halrold and I stood by the rail, and we watched them as they dived into the belly of that junk. The light of the torch which the Shan carried was reflected on the wet roof high above us. I do not want to get in a place like that in a hurry. Ah! No!

There came a yell of joy from the inside of that junk, then another and another. They were the yells of human wolves who have pounced upon rots. I have heard that cry before. Yes! Lots of times. Those eleven madmen had struck treasure and their yells of joy and their yells of thanks to Thas Dheen and the blind fakir woke the echoes of that place.

"They will kiss us now," said Halrold. "They will go crazy with the loot in their grip."

"Ay," I said, "they will go mad to find their way out of this place, now that they have it."

"Just as I said those words the yells in that junk took a different note. Hiss! Yes. There came a joint shriek of horror, and Halrold gripped my arm.

"The junk is on fire!" he screamed. Look! Look!

"I got a million cold shivers in my spine when he gave that yell. I knew what had happened. That Shan with the big torch had run it down to grab at the loot, and that junk was like a tinder box. I heard a tremendous volley of curses and screams, and just as the first head came up from the inside of that junk, something or a twist in that current wrecked the old schooner from the side of that junk, and before we could say three words we

were a couple of fathoms from her.

"I would give something to blot out what I saw then. That old tinder box of a junk blazed up in a second, and it was as light as day in that place. We saw everything. Halrold and I did. Mr. Oh, my, yes! On the deck of that place, we were Teel and his howling crew, and they had their arms full of plunder. Full of plunder, I say. Halrold and I could see everything. We saw dashing things of gold and silver, things encrusted with diamonds and rubies that blazed like poisonous eyes as the flames leaped up.

Halrold thought that Blamark might have knocked him overboard in the darkness, and that orang was capable of doing a trick like that. He was mighty sick of that old humberg.

"That is my story of the Claw of Thas Dheen. The tramp steamer, Lord of the Isles, picked us up next day and took us to Bangkok with a specimen of loot that we were unkind. I never want to see any more of that Claw worship. No! No! I had my nose smashed and I will have a smoke before I go to bed."

Glory be! I have wondered much where the wealth came from that they had in their arms.

"They were yelling for us to come back! but we could not come back. We were in the grip of a current that a tugboat could not steam against.

And it was whipping us away from the junk at a speed that would make a billy liner look a mighty slow thing.

"Teel was yelling out to us then. He was running up and down the deck of the junk holding golden ornaments and things out to us. He was crazy with fear because he was looking death in the face just then. It was so. He knew it, and his ten sailors knew it.

"Holy St. Anthony!" cried Halrold, "they're doing for. We can do nothing!"

"Nothing," I said, and

The Silver Peri seemed to crack on more speed as I spoke. It was terrible, my friend.

"We saw one of the sailors spring into the water as the flames reached up to the roof of that place like so many red snakes, then the junk gave a lurch, and the darkness came into that tunnel in masses that were like lumps of cotton batting dipped in ink.

"Oh, gee!" gasped Halrold. "Oh, gee!"

"I don't know what we did for the next hour or so. We must have laid in a stupor on the deck. When we came to our senses we were out on the sea again, and the old schooner was being tossed by the city waves that the hurricane

had left in its wake.

"Ah," said Blamark, said Halrold, pointing to the stern. "What is he playing with?"

"I crawled up to that big orange-outang, and I took the thing that he was playing with away from him. I examined it closely, and found that it was the shriveled hand of a monkey. That was all, my friend. The blind fakir must have been a great sleight-of-hand man. He must have been.

I was watching that lump of sand, and we both saw it turn into a claw.

Teel and his sailors thought it was the Claw of Thas Dheen, the thief who tried to steal the gold out of Blamark's bag. I guess they thought that to the end. It was a peculiar coincidence how we bumped into that junk, was it not?

Halrold and I could not find that blind man aboard the schooner. We searched all through the day, but he was not there.

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

## THE BLACK STONE

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "The Hidden Door," "The Forbidden Way," "The Plundered Secret," "The Golden Hawk," etc.

A Thrilling Tale of Love, Adventure and the Great War, in Which a Charming American Heiress and the Millionaire Who Loves Her Match Their Wits Against the Crafty, Wicked Plots of One of Germany's Master Spies.

Don't Miss the Opening Chapters of This Great Novel Next Sunday

# Health, Beauty And The Home

## A Handy War-Time Cook Book

By Mrs. Christine Frederick

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

JUST now every housewife is receiving from her local conservative food kitchens and other sources, many recipes and food suggestions. What is she doing with them all? Probably she stuffs the leaflets and odd clippings into the back of her cook book or between the covers in her pantry, but it would be very easy for her to keep these on filing cards, so that they would be easily found when wanted.

The only materials necessary are a small card index box (such as can be purchased for about fifty cents at any good stationery), a package of fifty or a hundred cards, size 6 x 4 inches, and a set of "guide cards," preferably with celluloid tabs. The books must first decide what headings are to be written on the guide cards, such as "Breads," "Cookies," "Desserts without Eggs," "Desserts without Sugar," "Milkless Meals," etc. She can arrange any number of headings she prefers, and place them alphabetically in index box. Then on each separate 6 x 4 card she may write or paste the desired recipe. This special card, let us say "Bran Muffins," or "Barley Grits," would be placed under the main heading "Breads." Then, when the housewife needs any special recipe, all that is necessary is to finger over the guide cards and pull out the required card.

The criticism of the usual cook book, is that as the last recipe, two or three recipes are in view at one time on the page. It sometimes happens that the cook follows parts of different recipes with disastrous results. Again, the small leaflets or booklets being now issued so abundantly neither hang up, nor lay down on the table very satisfactorily. If the woman lays them in front of her while she works she is likely to get the pages scattered and soiled from the food materials.

From the sanitary point of view therefore the filing system has advantages. The worker may take out a clean card before she begins to work, hang it in front of her, and then not touch it again until after her cooking is finished, when she may again lay away the card with clean hands. Again, the small hole in the center of each card and place a small cup hook or nail into the shelf or cabinet in front so that the card may slip on this nail and thus be plainly in sight during all the work.

When so many women are patriotically cutting out recipes, it sometimes takes quite a while before a desirable result is obtained. For instance, one woman

worked with barley flour for a long time until she finally achieved a delicious barley gingerbread. She had varied considerably from the Government recipe and made an original creation.

After her experimenting was over and she had a really standard, or perfected recipe, she wrote down on a card the exact quantities, the time of preparation, the cost and approximate amount. In this way she had more than a recipe—she had, you might say, a scientific thesis on the whole subject of barley and its use on a latter type of bread. The same thing occurs often with other dishes, in the use of cereal "loaf," and in other "camouflaged" and conservation meals, where a card should be used on which to write the final, perfected result.

One cooking shelf which the author viewed recently was certainly a bad apparatus. Clips, staples and booklets were loosely pinned against the glass doors of the cabinet. Other booklets were hanging up with a string, more clips were stuffed in the back of the regular cook book. One sudden jerk while at work would have brought the whole lot down upon the head.

The small son of this particular housekeeper was enlisted (and bribed) to assist in cutting, pasting and putting the recipes in order. Several hours' work resulted in one neat box with about thirty headings, and some seventy-four chosen recipes all arranged in order, ready to be pulled out at any time to continue the order and arrangement.

The amount that a recipe makes should never be omitted from the card, because one of the chief faults of the old-time cook-books was that the beginner in cooking never knew whether her pudding would make enough for four or a dozen. In these times of high food cost it is important to standardize the recipe for a small unit, let us say for three or four people, and write the number of servings, and write the number of servings. Cost is another important item. Naturally a recipe book is tempting, but often when it is tried it will be found to make too serious a raid on one's pocketbook. How much better to write down the approximate cost of the recipe, and keep a ledger on an allowance will have some means of judging when this particular recipe comes within her means or not. If women are really to improve their cooking, the "housewife's trench," accuracy and reliability in the original card and the device are important weapons in her assistance.

Every woman may feel that her own kitchen is a laboratory, and her own pots and pans are equipment with which to save food and thus make bullets for the Home. Surely women who have formerly thought "housekeeping only an old job," can feel that they are now on a par with chemists, research workers and other professionals, seeking greater accuracy and truth. In her neat uniform of Hoover blue, each woman in her kitchen can immensely further the work of food research. It is not necessary to go to Washington, but merely to stay in one's own kitchen and seek greater knowledge about more adaptable combinations and more wholesome dishes.

A good plan is to place the box of recipes on the shelf over the work table. A piece of plain window glass the required size may be placed over the front card in order to keep it clean. There is also a manufactured card-index protected by two white metal or celluloid covers, which is excellent. This may be read from either direction, that is, the card may be written on both sides, and the box viewed from either corner. A clever woman got her handy man to cover the house to fasten the index box to a little sliding shelf, or drawer which she can easily pull out into view when needed or push back when not in use.

The box may be covered with white oilcloth or to match other kitchen trimmings. It is a good plan to have a pad of paper and a pencil hanging near, on which suggestions, improvements and other remarks about the recipe may be written down while it is being tested.



Serenity and Poise of Expression Are the Chief Secrets of a Beautiful Face.

## Beauty Questions Answered

WHILE out gathering autumn leaves I became badly affected by handling poison ivy. How can this be healed and how long will the irritation last?—B. S. C.

Sometimes the irritation can be alleviated in a few days and sometimes it takes three or four weeks before all signs of it will vanish. Bathing the parts in a weak alkaline solution—a teaspoonful of soda to a quart of water or in lime water—will be found helpful. If very painful, the addition of a little lanolin will prove soothing. Bathing with fresh cream is also an excellent remedy.

I HAVE a special dance set in a chorus every night and I find this leaves my muscles very tired. Can you help me?—MAIDA.

You should go to a skillful masseur and have your feet massaged every day, because this is very beneficial to tired muscles. A dancer told me that she used this unguent every night, rubbing it well into the muscles and about the joints to make them more flexible:

Portugal extract ..... 1 ounce  
Rosewater ..... 1 ounce  
Brandy ..... 1 gill  
Olive oil ..... 3 ounces  
Mutton tallow ..... 4 ounces  
Virgin wax ..... 1 ounce  
Ambergris ..... 2 grain

## War-Time Menus for the Week

| MONDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | TUESDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | WEDNESDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | THURSDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | FRIDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | SATURDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | SUNDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Breakfast<br>Puffed Rice<br>Stewed Beans<br>Conservation<br>Muffins, Butter<br>Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Conservation<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Cabbage<br>Tea<br>Dinner<br>Baked Meat<br>Baked Potatoes<br>Cabbage<br>Oatmeal and Raisin Cookies | Breakfast<br>Oatmeal Cooked with Dates<br>Poached Eggs on Toast<br>Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Cream of Potatoes<br>The Good Bread<br>Toasted Slices<br>Tea<br>Dinner<br>Roast Mutton with French Dressing<br>Eggs, Stewed<br>Fudding<br>Oatmeal and Raisin Cookies | Breakfast<br>Baked Apple<br>Toasted Corn<br>Flakes<br>Muffins, Butter<br>Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Conservation<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Cabbage<br>Tea<br>Dinner<br>Roast Mutton with French Dressing<br>Eggs, Stewed<br>Fudding<br>Oatmeal and Raisin Cookies | Breakfast<br>Stewed Pears<br>Rice Omelet<br>Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Conservation<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Cabbage<br>Tea<br>Dinner<br>Roast Mutton with French Dressing<br>Eggs, Stewed<br>Fudding<br>Oatmeal and Raisin Cookies | Breakfast<br>Stewed Pears<br>Rice Omelet<br>Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Conservation<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Cabbage<br>Tea<br>Dinner<br>Roast Mutton with French Dressing<br>Eggs, Stewed<br>Fudding<br>Oatmeal and Raisin Cookies | Breakfast<br>Apple Sauce<br>Oatmeal Top Milk<br>Muffins, Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Rice Pudding<br>Baked Bananas<br>Lettuce Salad<br>Fruit<br>Tea<br>Dinner<br>Boiled Mutton<br>Bread<br>Home Made<br>Relish<br>Fruit Gelatine<br>Conservation | Breakfast<br>Grapefruit<br>Soft Cooked Eggs<br>Poached Potatoes<br>Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Meat Loaf<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Cabbage<br>Lettuce and Grape Salad<br>Fruit<br>Tea<br>Dinner<br>Boiled Mutton<br>Bread<br>Home Made<br>Relish<br>Fruit Gelatine<br>Conservation |

## Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

in five sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. Size 4 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the dress, 1 1/2 yards for the petticoat and 2 1/2 yards for the combination. A CHIC STYLE FOR THE

A SIMPLE HOUSE DRESS (2658).—The pattern is cut in sizes 24, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards of 43-inch material.

JUST A SIMPLE, EASY-TO-MAKE AND EASY-TO-WEAR APRON (2672).—The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 28-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 43-inch material.

A POPULAR STYLE (2656).—The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards for the jumps and 2 1/2 yards for the dress of 27-inch material.

PRACTICAL SET OF CLOTHES FOR THE LITTLE GIRL (2657).—The pattern is cut



paying coupon and mail, with 15c in silver or stamps, to BARGAIN DAY, P. O. BOX NO. 390, CITY HALL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Hair Removed DeMiracle

This method for removing hair is perfectly safe and is a good plan to punch a hole in the center of each card and place a small cup hook or nail into the shelf or cabinet in front so that the card may slip on this nail and thus be plainly in sight during all the work.

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## The Bad Habit of Making Faces

By Lina Cavalieri,  
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

A CLEAR, smooth complexion, of delicate tint and texture, is one of the greatest assets that a woman can have. It is the sign of inward health and physical purity. A placid, clear-white skin, delicately suffused with the color of apple blossoms, is inexpressibly charming and one that is coveted by all women.

That such a complexion cannot be obtained by the woman who is indolent and lazy. An indoor life or a life of nervous excitement will not bestow this boon. Nor will a regimen of over-eating or under-eating, late hours and kindred dissolutions do aught save etch deeply into the face the hateful lines and wrinkles that are the marks of age.

A peaches and cream or roses and snow complexion can only be obtained in one way. It is the result of hygienic care and cleanliness, supplemented by a well-sustained healthy body. If I could only impress upon every woman who reads this that the cleaner the skin of the face is kept the better the complexion will look!

You must also give yourself plenty of sleep and avoid the stagnating position of breathing in your arms. Many women, too, have a habit of "making monkey faces." The habit of making many needless movements is a deadly menace to a woman's beauty. Fanning up your lips, or (winking) the muscles of your face at the slightest emotional suggestion, or flinging your head left in almost listless gestures are not a mark of vivacity but of nervousness.

Nervousness is the sworn foe of a smooth, milked skin. To free yourself from this predisposition you must give yourself special treatment for it. Light—this is the surface—massage is a good corrective for nervousness because so many of the nerves lie near the skin and a light massage relaxes the blood to the surface and thus feeds and strengthens the nerves.

You must learn to keep your face calm; serenity and poise of expression are the chief secrets of a beautiful face. The nervous, distraught, ill-content woman reveals her state of mind by her nervous face, her constantly lifted eyebrows and her abrupt, awkward movements.

Compose yourself inwardly. Cultivate an even placidity of expression and note the difference when you permit some unwelcome emotion to disturb you. How quickly the ravaging lines and wrinkles spoil the peaceful, calm expression that is the keynote of grace and beauty! Whenever you feel inclined to

draw, suppress it. Keep your face in an expression of unshakable smoothness. Practice the invariable smile of the Mona Lisa. Let not anger nor jealousy affect you. Put away your feeling of pique and if you feel sad and depressed, do not allow the muscles to sag, but massage them back into place if they have already begun to draw.

Be careful, too, of the area around the eyes that is sometimes corrupted by too much laughter. This saps the lines of worry or illness and old age must be massaged daily by quick, light pats of the cushions of the ends of the fingers—light and firm.

This must be done with a good cold cream. From my own toilet table I select one of my favorite preparations for which I will give you the recipe:

Rosewater, 500 grains; oil of sweet almonds, 500 grains; white beeswax, 20 grains; spermaceti, 20 grains; extract of benzoin, 1 grain; oil of rose, 3 drops.

Every day go to your mirror and mercilessly scrutinize your face. If you find a trace of lines or wrinkles upon the smooth surface, that you are unable to eradicate at will, then upon this spot you must concentrate. Massage your face gently for ten minutes, keeping in mind the purpose of the massage.

That is, that wrinkles are caused by defective circulation in one spot, and that a touch of "blood" will tend to fill out and plumpen it.

Remember always to use a restorative cream. A touch of moisture causes the muscles to sag and pulls the skin loose from the muscles. That is bad. After the massage I go over the face with quick, light, but stinging slaps. Then with a square of this, soft linen I remove any surplus of the cream that has not been absorbed by the pores.

The real care of the skin, particularly of the face and neck—is regular housecleaning, so to speak—should take place at night. The reason for this is not far to seek. During the day the face has been in contact with dust, grime and smoke as well as countless other outside agencies. At night, immersed in the bedroom and clothed in white night robes, there is little chance of vagrant dust settling upon the skin.

## Freeman's FACE POWDER.

The one face powder that does not rub off. For 30 years sold under a satisfaction guarantee. All tons at all toilet counters or minute box for 4c in stamps.

The Freeman Perfume Co., 205 Cincinnati, Ohio.

## Toilet Preparations

supply the very help nature requires. They rectify morbid skin conditions—clear the pores of skin health, springs liveliness of nature, beauty. Don't continue Martell's Preparation with ordinary cosmetics. They clog pores, they make the skin look worse.

Only genuine DeMiracle has a safety-check guarantee in each package. Ask toilet counters in all 24 and 32 states to show you the skin. It does the skin better.

FREE book with testimonials of the highest authorities, which shows what causes hair on face, neck and arms, why it increases and how DeMiracle destroys it. Written by plate artist, as required. DeMiracle, Park Ave. and 42nd St., New York.

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## 25c

## La-may Face Powder Does Not Contain Any White Lead

Now you can use a pure face powder that beautifies your complexion wonderfully and is guaranteed not to injure the most delicate baby skin. And really stays on better than any other white lead or starch face powder. White lead poisons the skin and causes wrinkles. Starch causes the skin to become dry and cracked. The specialist who makes this fine face powder uses a medical test to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and wrinkles. Because it is pure and because it stays on so well it

La-may powder (French, Poudre L'Ami) is now used by over a million American women. The large supply of only fifty cents and the trial size is guaranteed absolutely pure. From thousands of dollars, however, it is only a matter of cents who find it contains no white lead or starch powder. White lead poisons the skin and causes wrinkles. Starch causes the skin to become dry and cracked. The specialist who makes this fine face powder uses a medical test to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and wrinkles. Because it is pure and because it stays on so well it

# How the Bombing Planes Hit Their Targets

Dr. Henry Smith Williams, in the "Science of the Month" Department of December Hearst's Magazine Tells How Explosives Plus Higher Mathematics Equals Destruction from the Air

By Henry Smith Williams, D.D., LL.D.

If you old King Solomon were to come back to earth and get a visit to western Europe, what he saw there would probably impress him to disavow one at least of his justly celebrated aphorisms. For up there under the sun, sailing along on magic wings, he would observe a mechanism which candor would impel him to admit as "something new." He might comment with some show of reason that reason are only modified catapults and that tanks are modified war chariots, but for the airplanes he could come to no man-made, prototype. It is a thing of a new order.

The general activities of observing and bomb-dropping planes are well understood; but I wish to call attention to some scientific aspects of the feats accomplished by the operators of these machines, and in so doing to point out certain limitations on their efficiency that are imposed by the conditions under which they necessarily operate. In particular I wish to note some of the difficulties that arise in developing the altogether new department of ballistics known as "bomb dropping."

First, however, a few words about the type of observation known as "bombing"—that is to say, watching the fall of shells from a battery and reporting by wireless just how far they miss the intended target. As the observer is perhaps two miles in the air, watching a target some two or three times as distant, it is obvious that a good deal of judgment is required to accurately estimate the distance of the exploding shell from the target.

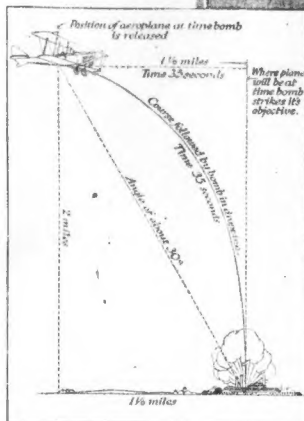
It will be obvious that in order to make this estimate anything more than a wild guess the observer must know with a fair de-

gree of accuracy how far away he is from the object he is watching. An experienced observer can, of course, learn to make helpful guesses with the unaided eye, but apparent distance as so much modified by atmospheric conditions that instrumental aids are essential. The instrument needed, however, few and extremely simple. The airplane has, of course, provided with an altimeter, which registers the altitude as gauged by varying air pressure. On a given occasion, the observer notes, let us say, that he is at a height of two miles. If the machine is flying on a even keel, the target under observation—which perhaps is an enemy battery—will obviously lie at a downward angle.

An instrument as simple as two cross sticks, one attached vertically to the airplane, the other stretched, enables the observer to measure this angle.

He finds, let us suppose, that it is an angle of forty-five degrees from the vertical. His line of sight, then, represents the hypotenuse of a triangle the vertical side of which (represented by his altimeter) is two miles, and the horizontal side (along the ground) is also two miles. It is elementary Euclid that the square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides; as a very simple computation will show that this line of sight in the present instance is about two and three-quarter miles.

As a matter of course, the observer will not be required to make this computation. It will be read from the index of his instrument. He will know also that each fifth of this line of sight in the horizontal scale that is about a foot in front of his eye, and is projected so as to seem to lie against the target, represents a stretch of



Here Is Diagrammed Precisely What Happens When a Bomb Is Let Fly from an Airplane Two Miles High Traveling at 120 Miles an Hour.

one hundred yards at a distance of two and three-quarter miles.

Thus he is able instantly to measure the distance from the target to the exploding shell. The distance from the target is constantly recorded in terms of the figures on the face of a clock. The shell has perhaps fallen somewhat short and to the right, say three-fifths of an inch away, as the observer sees it. At once he radios: "Three hundred yards toward four o'clock," or some shorthand equivalent, and the gunner knows how to correct his aim.

When the airplane is required to take a direct hand in the destructive game by dropping bombs, its task might seem a very simple one. Bombs will obviously reach the earth from whatever height they are dropped; and the higher the altitude, the greater the force of impact. So what more is necessary than for the airman to soar out of range of enemy anti-aircraft fire, just directly above the object he wishes to destroy, and touch the button that liberates the bombs?

Unfortunately or fortunately, according to whether you are viewing the matter from your own

standpoint or that of the enemy—a great deal more is necessary. Were the airman to merely let his bomb-dropping expedition on such a basis, no place could be safer than the munitions factory, ammunition dump, or fortification that he intends to demolish. Nothing is over hit by a bomb dropped from an airplane directly above it. The only way an airman at all considerable height can hit a given object is by dropping his bomb while the object is still far ahead of him.

The force of gravitation, which opposes the gunner, adds the bomb-dropper. After the cannonball has reached its full height, however, its status is exactly that of the bomb just released from an airplane; both missiles proceed to their ultimate destination in a parabolic curve modified somewhat by air resistance.

The gunner determines the vertical line of flight of his missile by aiming his cannon. The airman must aim the airplane itself. He must sight the object he intends to bomb—away off ahead and far below—and move directly toward it. To accomplish this, he must

use an apparatus equivalent to the sights of the cannon, and the object must lie directly in the line of his sights when the bomb is released if the shot is to be effective. Granted, however, that the airplane has sighted perfectly and that the airplane is moving precisely in the right direction, how is he to know when to release the bomb so that it will be pulled by gravitation long just the right course, ultimately to find its mark?

This, obviously, is a puzzle. Yet it is a puzzle comparatively easy of solution, provided the airplane is moving on an even keel at a known altitude and at a known speed. The airman is then called upon to deal with a simple problem in trigonometry, in which, as in the case of the "gunner" above referred to, the elements required are essentially a fixed vertical bar and a pivoting member that may be aimed at the object to be bombed.

It is only necessary to recall that the bomb, once it is released, will fall forward at the same rate of speed as the airplane (with slight allowance for air resistance); and, secondly, to recall that gravitation will bring the bomb to

the earth in a given time from a given height, to make it clear that the bomb must be released at such a point that the number of seconds required for its fall is the number that the airplane will require to bring it directly above the object to be bombed. Both these factors are readily calculable when the height and speed of the airplane are known.

Suppose, for example, that the airplane is two miles high and traveling at a rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. A body dropped from this height will require a little more than thirty-five seconds to come to earth. In thirty-five seconds an airplane going one hundred and twenty miles an hour covers about one and one-sixth miles. Therefore the bomb must be released when the target is one and one-sixth miles ahead. Here, then, we have another simple problem in geometry, dealing with a triangle of which the vertical (the height of the airplane) is two miles and the horizontal (earth line) one and one-sixth miles, from which it may readily be calculated that the angle where the hypotenuse cuts the vertical (at the point

of which the observer's eye rests) is an angle of about thirty degrees. Nothing is practically required but to fix the pivotal bar at this angle and sight along it as the airplane moves forward until the sight touches the target. At that instant, touch the button releasing the bomb—and let gravitation do the rest.

In the first second after it is released the bomb will move forward about one hundred and seventy-six feet, while falling only sixteen feet; by the tenth second its downward flight will about equal its forward flight; by the twenty-second second, it will be falling twice as fast as it moves forward; and in the thirty-fifth second, just before it strikes the ground, it will shoot downward about five hundred and forty feet, whereas the original forward movement of one hundred and seventy-six feet will be somewhat retarded by the atmosphere; so that the final impact of the bomb will be almost vertical.

You can read this article in full in December Hearst's Magazine.

An Airplane Striking a Target with Its Explosive Cargo. Nothing Is Ever Hit by a Bomb Dropped from a Swiftly-Moving Plane That Is Directly Above It.

## Pompeian Beauty Powder

Adds a pearly cleanness  
Stays on unusually long



### The Joy of Instant Beauty

What visions the invitation brings to her mind! Tonight, the men will crowd around, eager for a look, a smile, a dance.

She is sure she will be the center of attraction, because she knows that instant beauty is made possible by her "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette," described here. Use in the order given below.

**Pompeian Day Cream**—Vanishing. Keeps the skin velvety. Exquisitely perfumed. A good powder foundation. Sold by all druggists, 50c.  
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**SPECIAL HALF-BOX OFFER**  
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The more you use a beauty set, the more you need a box of Pompeian Beauty Powder (containing exactly one-half regular box package) and sample of Day Cream and Day Cream in only two days. City and mail orders, same.

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POWDER, 50c. Day Cream, 50c. Total, 1.00. Sample of Day Cream and Day Cream in only two days. City and mail orders, same.

First-class mail, second-class or by express, as desired.

## Your skin is changing every day

Now to make it as attractive as you would love to have it

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. Every day, as old skin dies, new forms in its place. This is your opportunity to make this new skin as clear, radiant and fresh-looking as you have always wanted it.

See what the following treatment will do for your skin.

Lather your wash cloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse five with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin thoroughly.

This treatment cleanses the skin and brings the blood to the surface, stimulating the small muscular fibers. Use it persistently, once a week, and before long your skin will begin to take on that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings. The after six nights

be sure to keep your skin thoroughly cleansed with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Be sure now—have the charm of a lovely skin

Get your first cake of Woodbury's today. Begin now to overcome whatever condition is keeping your skin from being as lovely as it should be.

Blackheads, conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, blemishes, a sluggish, yellow skin—treatments for these and other of the commonest skin troubles are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch" which comes wrapped around the soap.

You will find a 25c cake sufficient for a month or two weeks of any Woodbury's treatment and for general cleansing use during this time.

Get a cake today. It is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, New York or Perth, Ontario.

# The New Head Dresses by Lady Duff Gordon

Egypt and Flashes  
of the Far East  
in the Winter  
Wonders That  
Will Deck  
Woman's Charming  
Coiffure This  
Season



The Chief Building  
Material of This Head  
Dress Are Purple  
Chiffon, Diamonds and  
Emeralds.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

THE head dresses of the Winter have in common one quality. It is the characteristic of Orientalism.

On this page are shown head dresses of differing contour. The material employed in their construction and decoration differs. Yet glance at each of them and there will be summoned visions of the harem. The largest brings to memory photographs of dark-eyed, languishing beauty, glimpsed behind the veils by a rent, as it were, in the veils of Persia.

The second is reminiscent of preconceptions of the inmates of the closed palace of Turkey.

The third, of hood-like contour, is an index of one phase of the modes of ancient India. That which seems most distinctly Persian is a fillet of purple chiffon, clasped by the peaklike front of a tiara of emeralds and diamonds. Across the head stretches a lengthwise strand of metal interwoven of harmonizing colors.

The curiously turban-like effect surmounted by a black plume is fashioned upon a turban frame of old blue chiffon stenciled in gold and edged with a band of black sealskin.

The forehead band is of pearl and sapphire. The combination of colors is indescribably rich.

Of violet chiffon is the head dress that spells Egypt. A band of pearls lies lightly upon it. It is topped by a plume of palest turquoise.

Into the building of a head dress for this season should enter, then, if we may judge by these examples, two elements. There must be some gauzy substance. Something in gems or metals may be added, and something of foxythery quality.

Whether the third element is introduced depends upon the taste and type of the owner.

I advise that its outline be not hidden by the head's dress. For a classic head I would recommend the costly simplicity of the style of head garniture shown on the largest figure. The curve of a well-shaped head, the sweep of the line from crown to neck, should not be hidden by any drapery.

The Indian model is of such gauzy texture that the outline of the head can be clearly seen. That which is on a Turkish plan, however, so envelops the wearer that she may have little or no hair so far as revelation of it goes.



A Cap-Like Head Dress of Violet Chiffon, with Banding of Pearls and a Plume of Pale Turquoise.



A Scarf-Like Head Dress of Ornate Effect and Turkish Origin.